

THE LIGUORIAN

In the Service of

OUR MOTHER OF PERPETUAL HELP

February 1932

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THE LIGUORIAN

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No. 2

Light of the World

A slender rod of wax refined and fair.

It spreads upon the blossom scented air

A lustre chaste, a splendor subtle, white.

Its little flame of mellow, peaceful light

A glory breathes of heaven, mystic, rare

A candle glows upon an altar bright:

And all within its reach that glory share

And shine entrancing on our raptured sight.

But in that light another light most clear

— The light of souls immortal — faith discerns.

It sees the splendor of the Savior dear,

That on our darkness falling ceaseless burns.

Thou art the Light of Light eternal, Lord:

In Thee we see Thy Father's Will adored!

F. R. Nastvogel, C.Ss.R.

Father Tim Casey

CATHOLIC ACTION

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

"Are they getting many new members for this Catholic Action the Pope started recently?"

Mary Rose Monogue deemed it good taste to manifest an interest in the Church movements while entertaining the priest. That is why she addressed this question to Father Casey. His Reverence did not have to answer, however. Mike Monogue broke out into a loud guffaw.

"Mary Rose thinks Catholic Action is some kind of a new brand of A. O. H.," he laughed. "Why, girlie, it isn't a society at all."

"Well, what is it then?" Mary Rose didn't fancy being laughed at in that way. She put the question without too much respect for her big breezy father.

That question stopped him. The grin disappeared; his jaw dropped. He grunted, puffed, sputtered, and finally found words. "It's — it's that thing they had over in Italy to make the young people good staunch Catholics. And Mussolini tried to spike it, you know — so he could be the whole show—"

"But what is it? If it isn't a society, it is something." Mary Rose saw he was caught, and she had no intention of allowing him to wriggle out so easily.

What is Catholic Action? The sad fact is: Mike Monogue didn't know. Though the Sovereign Pontiff had, in the strongest terms, urged all, both priests and people, to labor strenuously for the furtherance of Catholic Action, though the worthy man was well informed, intelligent above the average, loyal to the Pope, zealous for the faith, he couldn't tell you what was Catholic Action.

But Mike Monogue had a good wife. When she saw him in a tight corner, she generally tried to help him.

"It — it is — a — like that organization they have in England to train the men to go out and preach on the street and answer questions about Catholic Doctrine," she said.

Father Casey pretended to be dreadfully preoccupied getting two links of his broken rosary hooked together. He wanted to hear all the novel versions of Catholic Action.

"It's the Jar-rmins," said Uncle Dan. "Whin they gets together in this here Centhral-for-Ryan and adds up statistics and divides them and subdivides them and makes long speeches about the livin' wage and the way a Christian mill owner will treat his hired help — that's Catholic Action."

"Why," said Monica, "last week at school, when we all gave our names to the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade and elected the officers and asked our daddies for a dime apiece, Sister said we were it."

"She said you were what?"

"That Catholic Action the Pope wants."

"Father Tim, you're saying nothing," cried Mr. Monogue.

"There is only one thing I can say — a big 'mea maxima culpa.' Here, the Holy Father himself has been urging and pleading for Catholic Action, Catholic Action. Make the watchword of the hour, Catholic Action. And my parishioners cannot even tell you the meaning of Catholic Action. It is a clear proof that I have been slack in my duty, wanting in loyalty to the Vicar of Christ. I have not impressed this matter upon my people as the Pope expected me to do." Father Casey made this acknowledgment in all sincerity. "However, there is at least one occasion where I know I explained it thoroughly — that is during Catholic Hour in the Brothers' school. Emmet, you were there. Stand up and tell us what is meant by Catholic Action."

Emmet Monogue tried to hide the great slice of fruit cake he had been munching on the sly. He wiped his mouth on his sleeve, thought hard for ten seconds, and then made a wild guess: "Catholic Action is going to Mass on Sunday, saying your night and morning prayers, and eating fish on Friday."

Father Casey groaned aloud. "Oh, what's the use! After all my careful explanation! You are almost as bad as Tony Chiatelli and Luke Mulligan. They were seen that night throwing stones at the Baptist church, and when the Brother punished them the next day, they contended that Father Casey had said that the Pope wanted everybody to get busy at Catholic Action."

While the others laughed heartily, Emmet kept edging toward the kitchen door in the modest desire to efface himself from the scene. To his intense relief, Uncle Dan attracted everybody's attention.

"Well, then, Father Tim, you must tell us the mystery. What is Catholic Action?"

"Catholic Action, in the words of the Holy Father, is the participation and collaboration of the laity in the apostolate of the Hierarchy. Thus you see Catholic Action is *interior* living of faith and virtue and *external* expression of that faith and virtue on the part of the individual in private and public life; Catholic Action is the individual's participation in the work of any given Catholic society or organization; Catholic Action, in the widest sense, is the collaboration, in harmonious union under the guidance of the Hierarchy, of all Catholic individuals and organizations for the maintenance and extension of Christ's reign."

"You mean, Father," suggested Mary Rose, "like the lay catechists in China."

"Or, to come nearer home," her mother added, "like our own Catholic Instruction League—men and women right here among us that teach Catholic doctrine to the children of the public schools, when there are not enough priests to do it."

"I mean," the priest replied, "any activity whatsoever whereby the laity help to forward the work of the Hierarchy. By divine ordination the Hierarchy are commissioned to promote God's glory and the salvation of souls. They are officially assigned to it. When a layman helps them in it, he is taking part in Catholic Action."

"Something like civilians helping the soldiers in time of war," suggested Monogue.

"Excellent! You couldn't find a better comparison!" cried the priest. "The civilian must not presume to usurp the office of the soldier; he has not been lawfully deputed for that. He can, however, help the soldier in a thousand ways. He can furnish the soldier with food and guns and ammunition. He can build the forts and the ships and the airplanes. He can stir up enthusiasm for the cause, help in recruiting, and provide cantonments and training fields for the recruits. He can fire the soldier to renewed courage and energy by his moral assistance. In fact, he is bound to do all this. The victory depends, in a great measure, on him. Though he has not donned the uniform, he is by no means absolved from the sacred duty of loving and defending his country. While the soldier is fighting and dying on the field of battle, the civilian, who is not doing his share at home, is an ingrate and a slacker. It is precisely the same in that unending war which the Church of God must wage against the world, the flesh, and the devil. The fact that you are not a member of the Hierarchy does not at all free you

from the solemn obligation of helping the Church to win the war. Your helping is Catholic Action."

"Tell us, Father, some of the different ways of taking part in Catholic Action."

"You can do that yourself as well as I. What are some of the ways that occur to you?"

There was no fear Michael Monogue would overlook the noble work for the poor to which he was so intensely devoted: "The St. Vincent de Paul," he declared proudly. Then, in order not to appear unappreciative of other worthy movements, he added: "The N. C. C. M., the N. C. C. W., with their various departments, Rural Life—Press—Economics—Legislation—Sociology, the Central Verein, the K. of C., the Catholic Foresters, and various activities of all societies of Catholic men or women."

"You are forgetting a highly efficient and indispensable movement of Catholic Action in which you yourself are engaged."

"What is that, Father?"

"The Ushers' Society of St. Mary's Church."

"Father," Mrs. Monogue said, "I have just been reading of something you would surely call true Catholic Action. It is the Catholic Laymen's Association of Georgia. Among other things, they keep tab on the papers. A clipping agency sends to their head office everything published in the state that has any reference to the Catholic religion. Whenever an editor makes a misstatement about things Catholic, they send him a gentlemanly letter, calling attention to the mistake and stating clearly the truth on the matter in question. In the beginning they had to send out as many as a hundred such letters a week; now there is need for less than two a month. In fact, in Georgia today, where Catholics number only one in one hundred fifty, the newspapers and magazines are more fair to Catholics than in some other places where we are one in six."

"Splendid Catholic Action!" the priest declared.

"Then that was Catholic Action, too," Monica ventured, "when Mary Rose brought her blond Protestant boy friend to your Tuesday-night Information Class, wasn't it, Father?"

"Mr. Lloyd is not my boy friend, if you please," Mary Rose protested. "He is a cultured young man in our office who asked me some

questions about the Church, and I invited him to come and hear the answer from Father Casey in the Information Class."

"At any rate, it was the right kind of Catholic Action," the priest assured her. "Which shows that Catholic Action can be furthered by individuals as well as by organizations. Likewise it can be furthered in the home as well as outside. Monica can take care that it is an edifying book, instead of a foolish novel, which she and her little friends read together under the elm tree on hot afternoons. Mary Rose can so arrange her social activities that the family rosary is not omitted. Mrs. Monogue can direct the conversation of her callers toward the black spots in a new fabric rather than toward the black spots in the neighbor's character. All that is Catholic Action."

"You didn't give anything to Daddy and Uncle Dan."

"They can do what every worth-while American Catholic should do; send a letter or a wire to their senator and representative every time an immoral or anti-Catholic law is proposed in Congress or Legislature."

"But didn't the Pope say Catholic Action must be kept out of politics?"

"Precisely," the priest agreed. "And politics must be kept out of Catholic Action. Whenever politics attempts to interfere with the honor due to God or with the salvation of souls, it is clearly poaching on another's preserves. It must be promptly halted and sent about its business. In countries where the Church is hampered and harrassed by unfair laws, you will generally find that the members were sluggish and indifferent about Catholic Action. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty—in religious matters as well as in civil."

"Are there any other forms of Catholic Action?"

"Dozens and dozens. Big Brothers. Catholic Scout Leaders. Send in letters of appreciation to the Catholic Radio Hour. Help get good books into the public library. Work for decent plays and moving pictures. Stand for nothing but Christian principles in your labor union. When there is a mission, do all you can to induce your neighbors and fellow-workers to attend it. When a new family moves into the parish or a new girl takes lodging in the neighborhood, don't leave them lonely and neglected. Show them that Catholics know how to welcome Catholics and make them feel at home. Work for peace among nations, as the Holy Father so earnestly urges."

"We will rig up Uncle Dan in a silk hat and a swallow-tail coat and send him to the peace conference." Monica had been good for so long

that she simply had to say something naughty to relieve the strain.

"Don't fret about Uncle Dan's hat, Monica; begin with your own heart. Labor diligently to cultivate sentiments of true Christian charity toward the people of other nations. If all Catholics would do this, what a powerful influence toward the Holy Father's cherished universal peace!" After a brief silence the priest continued: "I might mention another form of Catholic Action—a very definite and practical form. A most necessary form—so necessary, indeed, that if the laity were not so generous in attending to it, the Hierarchy would go hungry to bed."

"I'll bet I can guess," cried Monica.

"No, you can't. You won't get the chance. It is Pew Rent," said Father Casey.

TRUE JOY

"No life would be long enough for us to find out the wonders there are in the grand mystery that God loves us. Nothing about us is so wonderful—neither our creation, nor our redemption, nor our glorification. It is wonderful to think of all the scenes we shall pass through at the end of the world; yet not so wonderful as to think that at this very moment the great God loves us, that we have actually each of us a distinct place in the Heart of Jesus."

For one who—like Father Faber, who wrote the above passage—has experienced the abiding joy that accompanies the consciousness of God's love, there is nothing in the world than can take its place. Sorrows may come, and weariness and trouble and worry; yet God's love remains, and God is All. Friends may prove unfaithful, loved ones may be torn away—yet God remains, the Best Friend and Loved One always. Even the approach of death, to one who has lived for God and in His love, is without its usual terror; for God remains, even in the dark hour, waiting to bestow vision with His love.

NOVENA—HOLY REDEEMER CHURCH—DETROIT, MICHIGAN

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Gathered at Dawn

SANCTITY AMONG OUR CHILDREN

PETER J. ETZIG, C.Ss.R.

V.

One of the greatest glories of the Catholic Church is the production of saints in even the most wicked periods of history. Amid the apostasy of nations, we are enchanted by a legion of true and faithful souls; amid an age of sensuality and worldliness we are thrilled to see an army of young souls vowed to and intent upon spiritual ideals; amid a civilization that is saturated with pride and self-sufficiency, we hear the footfall of the child carrying the torch of godliness. These things we perhaps have noticed, or may have been too immersed in other affairs to notice. But the more we read down into the life of the Church, the more we stand in amazement, at the seemingly endless array of child-saints. Some of these have been written about, some are still hidden. Among those who are coming more and more into public view, perhaps the most prominent place must be given to Anne de Guigne, a little French girl of our own days. The remarkable thing about this little tot is that, not only does she show that humility and sacrifice are the best means to come to God, but she illustrates in an astounding way, how a saint may be for a time hidden under most unfavorable traits of character.

ANNE DE GUIGNE, 1911-1922

Jeanne Marie Joseph Anne de Guigne was born in Annecy, April 25, 1911. Her mother claimed descent from Robert, Count of Clermont, the sixth son of St. Louis. Anne, the first of four children, drank in deeply the religious spirit that needs must cling to the locality and the hills where the gentle St. Francis dwelt. Count de Guigne, the father, was a model man and an officer in the Alpine Chasseurs. Upon declaration of war, he was ordered to the front, but returned wounded in September, 1914. He was soon back in the firing line, but a second and a third time was returned wounded. The third time proved to be his march to death. In the terrific assault at Crete du Linge, July 22, 1915, he fell. The news reached Annecy a week later—news that tore deeply into the affections of his family, but news, too, that proved to be the turning point of Nenette's life.

"L'ENFANT TERRIBLE"

Nenette was dowered with a very rich nature. She was known to be loyal, intelligent, courageous, tenacious. They attribute to her exquisiteness of feeling and a certain charming spontaneousness, and also add that she could be reasonable and docile—when she wanted to.

But she had her faults, and these were very serious. There is a photograph of Anne at 2 years of age; she stands dressed in white and holding a flower. Her glance is straight and firm, and—I suppose the word expresses it—slightly hard. The little blond head is poised a bit proudly, indicating strength and decision; the lips seem a bit severe, as of a child who wants her own way. For the sake of an interesting study in comparisons, place this picture alongside of another, which shows her at the age of eight. What a marvelous softening of the features grace has wrought! But we are more concerned right now with the child of two. I have said that her character supplied a very unpromising field. The basis of her faults was a certain violence, a proneness to anger. She had no love for obedience and her parents had to be severe to bend her will. Dictatorial by nature, she was a leader among her playmates. Fear was foreign to her character, and she would dare to do anything. Naturally obstinate, she would brook no opposition, so that one day when the doctor was dressing the wounds of her father in the parlor and she was forbidden to enter there, she created such an uproar as to disturb the whole house. There was also a streak of jealousy in her make-up, and this made her intolerant in her affections. This showed itself very plainly when her little brother James was born, Anne then being fourteen months old. She could not bear to see any marks of affection shown to him, and even endeavored to strike at him. We might add to this a certain pride which made her a haughty little miss, and come to the conclusion of her biographer, Father Lajeunie, O.P., that Nenette was in all truth "*la terrible enfant*," and a great matter of concern to her parents.

TRANSFORMATION

This child, so unpromising a subject, reached sanctity in six years! How was it done? Father Edward Hugon, one of the great theologians of our times, says that heroicity of virtue in general takes in two things: promptitude in action despite all obstacles, and a lasting triumph that commands our admiration. Both these we find in the six years of Nenette's life. But they were purchased dearly. The daily struggle to

conquer self, and lift oneself from fault and fall, is seen very clearly in these years. As with all saintly souls, she developed amid trial and by means of it. When her father died she was told that he was in heaven with God, and this thought became one of the guiding forces of her life. This practical thought of heaven became really a point of departure in the life of this little girl of just above four years. We often think these years of a child as years of darkness, yet these very years are often luminous. An intelligence as yet undimmed by conscious error, a will open to receive the spoken truth, the absence of prejudice or malice, the presence of a certain impressionability—these allow the child to gather all that is good and to cling to it, to enshrine ideals that live a life-time. To a child all things are possible—even perfect love of God. In a child the influence of grace meets very little opposition; it goes to God with a freeness and ease that is absent in our adult years.

Nenette soon after her father's death seemed to get remarkable control of herself. The deep and abiding sorrow of her mother struck the child, and a strain of seriousness came into her character. She had recognized suffering. She wanted to console and to do this she decided that she must become better in her conduct so as to cause no additional sorrow or discomfort to mother. We might think this odd—but how marvelously God comes down to the very things of a child! She began to make all sorts of little sacrifices "so that mamma might have less pain." Thus, at four, she became the constant companion of her mother, who in later years admitted that this child became a real support to her. Where is there a child who could not do likewise?

Faults of character began to disappear; her dictatorial manner softened to submission; jealousy was lost in her ready service to others. From this time on, she refused God nothing, and as usual God asked greater and greater love and generosity as the years passed on.

TOWARD THE EUCHARIST

In February, 1916, Nenette was at Cannes for the winter. Here she contracted a sort of typhoid which made her seriously ill for a long time. She had to take baths so as to break up a very stubborn fever, and although this caused her considerable pain, she learned, and this at five, to offer all in union with Christ for the salvation of souls.

About this same time, Mrs. De Guigne selected Mademoiselle B. as governess of the children. Anne called her "Demoise" because Mademoiselle B. seemed too official. The new governess was very

much impressed with the fine disposition of the child and would hardly believe the mother when told Nenette had been "boisterous, and even wicked and jealous."

Even in June, 1915, the mother could write about the child: "I am astonished at her intelligence; she very often speaks to me about her First Communion and asks me to tell her something of it. Her answers are often surprising, and I had to buy her a little catechism." Anne was delighted when she was allowed to join the catechism class, and the Sister in charge has recorded the great interest, respect and intelligence of the child. When a question could not be answered, the class of 20 would instinctively look to Anne, and Anne invariably had the correct answer, so that another pupil of nine remarked: "Why, this little girl knows everything!"

The day of First Communion approached, and with it a great difficulty. The Bishop, in looking over the list of prospective First Communicants, discovered among them a certain Anne de Guigne who was only six years old. Too young, to be sure, and hardly capable of knowing enough for this great act, and the Bishop struck the name from the list! But the Sisters pleaded so strongly for the child that the Bishop finally consented, but on one condition—she would have to stand a severe examination in Christian Doctrine. The superior of the Jesuits was delegated to hold the examination. The good Sisters feared for the outcome; Anne seemed not to know what fear was. The examination began and, among other things, she was asked:

"What are your greatest faults?"

"Pride and disobedience," came the candid answer. She was told that she should obey even as Christ obeyed, and pursuing the same topic another question was asked:

"When does Christ obey?"

"In the Mass at the moment of consecration."

"But at what words does He do so?"

"This is My Body; this is My Blood."

And thus the examination went on, Anne answering every question much to the delight of the Sisters and the astonishment of the examiner. They came to the matter of the sacraments.

"Which have you received?"

"Baptism and Penance."

"Which are you going to receive?"

"Eucharist and Confirmation."

And later on?"

"Perhaps marriage"; this with quite a decisive air.

"And Holy Orders, too?"

"Oh, no, Father, the sacrament of Orders is for you."

Needless to say, this examination put Anne's name back on the list. The preparatory retreat was made with great attention and fervor. The repeated saying of the retreat-master, "Obedience is the sanctity of children," made a lasting impression on her.

Mrs. de Guigne tells us that on the day before the great day the child was unusually radiant, but toward evening seemed to be a bit uneasy and sad.

"What is the matter, my child?" she was asked.

"I was just thinking that daddy will not be there tomorrow," she answered.

"But, my darling, he will look down from heaven and will share your joy to the full."

"Ah, then I am happy," and the shadow had disappeared.

March 26, 1917, dawned and this child of predilection met Christ in the chapel of the Sisters at Cannes. Scarcely any record has come to us, save of the joy and fervor which radiated from the little Communicant. Yet later on, a scrap of paper was found, on which she had noted the nine choirs of angels, and had written: "I desire that my heart be as pure as a lily for Jesus."

STREWING FLOWERS

First Communion was undoubtedly the greatest event of her life, and from it dates a marvelously rapid growth in virtue. The testimony of all, however, is quite unanimous on the point that the exterior of this child was the same as that of other children of her age. Simple, loveable, candid and generous—any child might have them. But where the difference might be is in that complete correspondence to grace which reached down to the least detail. This is recorded by all, and this is the key to rapid ascent to God. Her way to God was the way of sacrifice. The recurrent notes in her spiritual jottings stress the necessity of obedience, that we should see God in mamma, that we should remember that the good God is ever present. Her biographer, who had read the originals, notes that it was a striking sight to see such solid and deep truth encased in a child's handwriting—writing that stumbled almost at every syllable.

She had remarkable will power and we read how she not only desires to imitate Little Jesus, but that she is going to do so. One of her notes is striking; it was penned after the retreat of 1921, a few months before her death: "My soul is destined for heaven. . . . The good God wishes it to be happy forever. This depends entirely on me; mamma cannot do this work for me." A bit farther on she speaks of the means she should use: "What means must be used? I must fight the obstacles which keep Jesus from growing in me: my faults, my leaning to pride and to laziness. . . . Therefore daily combat is necessary for me." And all this from a little girl scarcely nine years old—and yet is it beyond our own little ones?

We must not, however, make the mistake that this life was something of mere chance—the life of grace never is. Her native enthusiasm caused her to go out to God with great fervor, while her simplicity of character gave her a certain poise which we remark in other saintly souls, such as St. Francis de Sales and St. Therese. Nor should we make the mistake that she found all things very easy. Her governess has told us that "I have never seen this child refuse the least sacrifice"—such precision is a process of pain. After her First Communion, the occasions she used to make sacrifices became so numerous that the Mother Superioress declares "it became well nigh impossible to count them in the little record book that she kept"—such extent and thoroughness means hard work. These sacrifices she carried right into her play. At one time, being very tired, she gladly played horse for little James; at another time she was just finishing some paper dolls she was making for her little sisters when mother called. For a second, there was hesitancy, but soon she was off to the errand: "It is more perfect to go!" Although easily fatigued and somewhat frail, she was always the first to rise in the morning. In her earlier years she used to say, when making some little sacrifice: "I am making my sacrifice," but later she would say that such a thing was not perfect and she tried to hide her mortification. But at times she would be discovered, and then she would blush and try to pass it over.

She found it difficult to master her temper. Often she would be contradicted and opposed by her playmates and would run to her governess and cry, "This is too much; O if I only could get angry!" At table, too, she tried to restrain herself. One time a table was set in the garden, and pancakes were being served. Since only a few came at

a time from the kitchen, only two or three hungry mouths could be satisfied at one time. When the call came, "And who has not yet been served?" the chorus came in full choir, "I," save one—Anne sat there without a word, because she saw her opportunity for sacrifice. To an adult, this might be a small thing, but to a child it is a great conquest. To forget herself became a real habit with her, so that she often would pass around the candy to the company and not take a piece for herself, unless she were reminded by her mother.

LOVE OF THE CROSS

Soon she developed a veritable love of the Cross, and the thought of the Passion haunted her everywhere. Her own little sacrifices seemed nothing to her in comparison. One time when doing a service for someone, she was pricked by nettles, and someone remarked:

"My poor Nenette, this makes you suffer."

"O, no," she replied, "this is nothing; Jesus has suffered much more."

When four years of age, she got the grippe and hot applications were ordered to be applied.

"That burns very much," she said, the tears coming to her eyes, "but, my good Jesus, I offer it to you."

Several times, during a rather severe winter, she got chilblains. Her hands were badly chapped and were rubbed with glycerine. She was seen one time to rub her hands, and when her sister that evening asked her the motive, she replied: "It makes them burn more." Thus this soul grew in spiritual stature, using the graces that God gave, and entering more and more into the mystery of the Passion, so that one day she declared with deep conviction: "A long life is a benefit, because it gives one the chance to suffer much for Jesus Christ." And this child was then but nine years of age!

THE VIRTUES OF INFANCY

Her innocence was remarkable and the least imperfection was a source of horror for her. Once she was well nigh inconsolable because unknowingly she had performed some work on Sunday. At another time the family was on its way to mass. All at once Nenette remembered that she had forgotten her morning prayers. They tried to persuade her that the mass she was about to hear would make up for it, but she would not hear, and then and there in the auto, she closed her

eyes and folded her hands, and said her prayer with as much recollection as if she were in her room.

She loved to go to confession and was very serious and attentive about it without, however, being the least scrupulous. Her confessor, in after years, remembered very well when she made her last confession—December 1, 1921. He saw the child kneeling there, making her examination of conscience, and acknowledged that he has never seen anyone more attentive or more recollected. Her life was one of simplicity which is so well described by St. Francis de Sales and so well illustrated in the life of St. Therese. It can well be summarized in one sentence: "Minute fidelity in the smallest things." Each item received all the attention it demanded; she did each act as well as she knew how; upon each she tried to impress her seal, "Good Jesus, I offer it to Thee!"

Obedience was not an easy matter for her, yet not one of the many witnesses of her life remembers ever having seen her hesitate when obedience spoke. One day the catechism class went out to see the little chicks—a real attraction for these children. Time was up and the sign for return to class was given. Naturally some of the little tots lingered to get another look, and among these was Marinette, Anne's little sister. "See here, Bebe," Anne told her, "when once 'no' has been said, you should never insist." Christian doctrine and the liturgy of the Church became real passions to her. Mrs. de Guigne, in later years, recalled how entirely absorbed Nenette would be when she heard the lives of the saints or passages of the gospel read to her—a daily custom in the De Guigne household. Even amid the stress of her last agony, after having received Extreme Unction, Anne remarked: "Oil of the sick and not of the catechumens is used in the oil of Extreme Unction, is it not?"

Her devotions were various, but she had special predilection for St. Agnes and St. Jane Francis, whose relics she visited at Annecy. The Little Flower was her ideal. Our Blessed Mother she loved to pray to, but particularly under the title of Sorrowful Mother and Mother of Consolation. Prayer became for her as her very breath, and God led her very high in this exercise.

"Mamma," she one day asked, "will you allow me to pray without my prayerbook at Mass?"

"Why that?"

"Because I know all the prayers by heart, and I am often distracted while reading, but when I speak to the good Jesus, I have no distractions at all. When you speak with any one, you know very well what to say."

"And what do you really say to the good Jesus?"

"I tell Him that I love Him. Then I talk about you and the others that He may give you good things. But I speak to Him especially about sinners." A blush mantled her little face; mother waited and soon the little one spoke again:

"And then — I tell Him that I would like to see Him." The mother's heart was caught by a twinge of pain.

"But do you not think of my sorrow, darling, if you should go to little Jesus?"

"Oh, yes, mamma, I think of it and I never want to give you the least pain, but papa is already in heaven, you will go there, and the others also, for you know that is our end."

One day the little tot was beaming with joy.

"Mamma," she cried enthusiastically, "I am so happy, for the good Jesus tells me that He loves me much more than I love Him!"

"O COME AND SEE HOW BEAUTIFUL HE IS!"

The summit of this beautiful life of nine years was already bright with the light of God. Nothing held her to earth any more, save possibly her ardent desire to be a Carmelite—a desire she shared with her sister, Marinette. She seemed possessed of a holy impatience—the impatience that saintly souls have to see God.

On December 19, 1921, she complained of pains in the head and in the back. That evening she sat at the supper table for the last time. One week later her condition was pronounced serious, and her whole body was contracted with pain. On December 28 she received Viaticum, and Extreme Unction was proposed, but she smiled and said that she was not yet at that point. However, two days later it was given, and on January the first she again communicated. A slight improvement followed, but soon the muscles of the lungs became paralyzed and breathing became an agony of pain. Yet she never complained; she prayed continuously and offered her sufferings for particular intentions.

"You have suffered very bravely, my darling," her mother told her, "and you have surely consoled the Heart of Jesus and helped in the conversion of souls."

"Oh, mamma," came the answer, "how happy I am; if this is so, I want to suffer still more."

She prayed and obtained the cure of three of her little playmates but for her own cure she would never pray.

Thus the hour of deliverance approached. Purified more and more by her sufferings, heaven seemed, in those closing hours, to reach down to the little sick bed.

One day she was heard to call her sisters and brother :

"Jojo, Leleine, Bebe, come, oh, come and see how beautiful it is!" What did she see? Was it the dawn of a new life?

"The Thursday before her death," writes Mrs. De Guigne, "she called me to tell me that she saw her guardian angel. 'I see him, mamma, I see him; turn around and you will see him, too!'"

The prayers for the dying had been said. All was quiet now. "Dear mamma," she said, "I love you!" Thursday passed into Friday, and a Sister watched at her side.

"Sister, may I go to the angels?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Thank you, Sister, thank you."

The end was near. Her eyes were already heavy with death, when someone spoke to her :

"Look once more, darling, at your mother." A look of wonderful sweetness came into her eyes, and then they closed in death. January 14th dawned, and Anne was with the angels.

SHE STILL ABIDES

She had scarcely died and the universal verdict was, "she is a saint." People prayed to her; they could not get themselves to pray for her. Her grave at Annecy has become a place of pilgrimage. Her acknowledgment that "she speaks to Him especially about sinners," is still a living truth, for extraordinary conversions are attributed to her. Hardened sinners were brought to the Sacraments; souls in distress were relieved. It would extend these pages too far to recount even a small part of these favors. Her biographer fills twenty-five pages with striking incidents, and her reputation is on the increase.

And this little girl, scattering her shower of roses, was one of our own day—a child like the children we treasure. Who, then, will not recognize the glory that is ours, each child a possible favorite of God—each mother the possible mother of a saint!

(To be continued)

The Church of Santa Maria

JOHN J. BARRY, PH.D.

The quaint town of San Gabriel, resting so serenely in the fertile valley at the base of San Juan, was the scene of great commotion. Peace had not reigned since the town convention of last May had decided to tear down the church of Santa Maria and to build a more elaborate edifice to Our Lady. The inhabitants, formerly knit together by the bonds of religion, nationality and friendship, were now divided into two opposing camps, one in favor of a new church, the other satisfied with the present one.

"Half Century"—this title was affectionately given to old Senor Roderigo because of his frequent reference to the conditions of a half-century ago—had strenuously opposed the tearing down of the little brown church. In his fiery speech at the convention he stated that the church had served a grand purpose for well nigh on to a half-century, and that God and His Blessed Mother were pleased with it, because Heaven's blessings had been showered repeatedly upon its people. He concluded his talk by reminding his hearers that the demolishing of the church meant the bell-tower would no longer, at sunset, cast a shadow that moved in a quarter-circle over the graveyard, like the finger of God protecting the remains of their loved ones.

The Padre, too, had vigorously opposed the building of a new church, stating that the principal motive for such a move was not to do greater honor to God, but to outdo the people of San Felipe, who had just completed a beautiful church in honor of Santa Teresa.

"My dear people," he said at the town convention, "a beautiful church is a glorious tribute to God and reveals the faith of the people who build it; but, I am afraid such is not the spirit behind the proposal to build this new church. The demon of pride and jealousy has entered your hearts and you have determined to vie with San Felipe. You have forgotten, my children, that a beautiful church is most pleasing to God when the hearts of his children are sanctified with His grace and love."

The words of the saintly old priest touched the hearts of many of his flock and some were known to have swung to the side of the opposition led by "Half Century." In the voting that followed, "Half Century" and his followers lost by the close margin of fifty-one to fifty-three.

The work of demolishing the church began shortly after, much to the sorrow of the old priest. He said nothing, however, but in his own mind he wondered whether or not the tearing down of the old church meant a shattering of those Christian ideals that he had labored for almost forty years to inculcate in the hearts of his people. He was deeply touched as the old Angelus bell, marred and scarred by time and use, was lowered to the ground. It was a Spanish bell, rather small in size, that had been brought over from Spain by the first inhabitants of San Gabriel. He ran his hand tenderly around the top, wondering whether it would ever again call his flock to the house of God, or again sound the Angelus that brought an end to their day's work in the fields and reminded them to turn their thoughts heavenward.

As the work on the church progressed, he became more and more despondent. One morning as he stood watching the workmen remove the old statues, he felt a touch on the arm. Turning, he saw "Half Century" pointing with his cane toward the church. After a short time he said slowly, "Padre, well nigh on to a half-century ago, I stood here with my young wife, Donna Rita, and we watched the workmen set those statues in the niches prepared for them. We thought they were beautiful then, and in fact, Padre, I still think they are impossible to match. Donna Rita greatly admired that one of the Holy Family group, and I remember well, when our family was growing up, that she referred to it time and again in telling the children about the little Christ Child's love for His parents. That statue appealed more to me after we carried Donna Rita to the graveyard, for it always reminded me of her. Oh, if she knew that the little church is being dismantled, and that her statue is being taken away, she would not rest easy in her grave. Padre! Padre! did you see what happened? They have dropped that beautiful old statue of the Holy Family."

"Half Century," said the priest, "we must not stay here. The old church means so much to both of us. We know its history, the faith of the people who built it, and it tears my heart to see those workmen handle those precious old treasures so carelessly."

Three weeks later nothing remained of the little church save two side walls that stood on the crown of the hill like two gaunt spectres. The people of the town now keenly felt the loss of their church. It seemed so strange to them not to hear the Angelus bell, and they missed

the bell-tower which no longer cast its shadow in a graceful curve over the little crosses in the graveyard.

One old peasant, who drove into town in a small wooden buggy, was greatly surprised to see the little church demolished; and he expressed the opinion that lodged in the minds of many of the inhabitants of San Gabriel: "Tis a pity you pulled down your old church; it was the prettiest thing in town."

As the last stones of the church were removed and neatly arranged in three piles at the base of the hill, the report was spread through the town that the Padre was very ill, and that he had sent for "Half Century." The crowd soon gathered on the spacious veranda of the Alvarez Inn. Some were sitting around tables, slowly sipping rich dark wine; others were standing in little groups, talking hurriedly and gesticulating wildly with their hands.

Sometime later "Half Century" was seen leaving the rectory. He was walking very slowly; his head was bent, and he appeared to be depending more than usual on his heavy cane. A profound hush fell over those who were gathered in front of the inn, and the only sound heard was the stamp of "Half Century's" cane as it struck the stone street. He approached the inn and almost passed it before he stopped; turning toward the crowd, he removed his hat, and in a deep bass voice, which he always assumed on solemn occasions, he said slowly, "The Padre's dead; you took away his church, and he died of a broken heart." He turned away abruptly and walked slowly up the hill toward his home.

Great commotion now reigned in front of the inn. All were talking in high pitched voices. Presently someone called attention to "Half Century." He was seen to stagger. The commotion ceased and all eyes were focused on the old figure on the hill. He was walking with much effort, frequently resting for quite a time on his cane. He reached the top finally, stopped for a moment, gazed across at the smaller hill opposite, where lately stood the little brown church, then turned and disappeared from view.

Someone in the crowd expressed his belief that before the sun would set behind the rugged crags of San Juan, "Half Century" would join the Padre in the beautiful brown church up above.

Faith is to believe, on the word of God, what we do not see, and its reward is to see and enjoy what we believe.—*Augustine.*

The Ven. Peter Donders, C.Ss.R.

APOSTLE OF THE LEPERS

N. GOVERS, C.Ss.R.

CHAP. VII. THE GOOD SHEPHERD

The duties of Father Donders while working among the townspeople at Paramaribo were those of a parish priest. Although not of a nature to call forth the admiration of those around him, yet the office of a parish priest requires a great spirit of self-sacrifice. Our missionary knew full well from the teaching and the example of his divine Master that to be a good shepherd, a good pastor, he must go in quest of the souls that had gone astray, and having found them he must put them upon his shoulders to carry them back to the fold. He considered it his chief duty, therefore, to go among the people and to visit them in their homes.

He was in the colony only a short time when he would walk through the town, from one end to the other, to console the sick, to assist the needy, to regain sinners for God, and to convert pagans. The showers of rain that often turned the streets into quagmires and rendered the roads in the suburbs utterly impracticable, could not prevent the zealous pastor from visiting his people. Nor was the broiling sun ever an obstacle to his zeal. He walked the streets of the capitol at hours in which the natives themselves could not be brought to leave their houses on account of the intolerable heat. The fire of love burning in the priest's heart was more vehement than the tropical sun. There was no hovel so mean, so poor, so humble, that the Servant of God did not enter.

The poor have always been the special friends of the Saints. It was Father Donders' delight to be among the poor! The poorer they were, the more he loved them. He gave them as much and as long as he could. He provided them not only with money, but also with clothing, not sparing even his own garments. Once when he sought to enter the house of a poor man, the latter called out from within that he could not open the door as he was almost naked. The Servant of God went behind the house, took off his undergarment and threw it through the window into the room. Such things happened more than once, as the witnesses in the Diocesan Process have declared under oath. His linen used to disappear so quickly and in so mysterious a way that the serv-

ants of the house complained to the Procurator. Father Donders was accordingly reproached for his prodigality, but, as in the case of the Blessed Cotterlengo, the remonstrances of the Superior produced little or no effect.

Oftentimes, owing to his excessive liberality as well as to the large number of poor, he was in need of money. In these cases there was no remedy but to play the beggar; and this he did. His Superiors could not, however, always satisfy his desires. So straitened indeed were the finances of the Mission that the Rev. Father Schepers, though a prudent and excellent administrator, thought of resigning and returning to Europe. Not infrequently the Superiors were obliged, therefore, to refuse what the Servant of God asked for. In such circumstances they found him not so pliable an instrument after all. Especially would he not easily yield when money could prevent sin. One day he asked Bishop Grooff for assistance for a poor woman. As he continued his importunity, the Bishop became quite impatient, and flatly refused him. Whereupon Father Donders replied: "I must have money, my Lord! I had better sell my watch." This reply produced the desired effect upon the Bishop, and the money needed was given him. On another occasion he overcame the heart of his Superior by threatening to run into debt.

What he threatened to do when speaking to Monsgr. Grooff, he actually did when the Bishop's successor, Monsgr. Schepers, gave him a similar refusal. Again he needed money and knew not how to get it. At his wits' end he went to a Jew and borrowed the money from him, leaving his watch as security. The Jew took the watch, but soon afterward brought it back to the Presbytery and cancelled the debt. On another occasion, moved by his excessive love for the needy, he begged some assistance. Though heart-broken the Superior declined to grant him the favor. As Father Donders, however, would not be put off, the Superior, in the presence of another missionary, somewhat harshly showed him the door. Meekly the Servant of God bowed his head under the humiliation and retired; but he did not surrender. He returned shortly afterward and, overcoming himself, renewed his request.

One could read in his countenance the sadness that filled his heart when, all his means exhausted, he was unable to help the poor; on the contrary, if he could bestow some charity on them, he hurried to their houses with a joyful heart. Hence he besought the Catholics in the

mother-country to have compassion on the large number of poor in the colony, and to enable the Mission to come to their assistance. "Send your alms," he cries out, "send your alms to the colony. How much we stand in need of them! We have, it is true, often been the object of your generosity. We know that the mother-country is hard pressed with want and difficulties of every kind. Yet be mindful of the promise made by our Saviour, 'Give and it shall be given to you.' The good God will certainly bless you, as He blessed the widow of Sarepta in the time of Elias; He will bless your generosity even in this world. And remember, too, what a great recompense awaits you hereafter, God not leaving unrewarded a cup of cold water given in His name."

Like our divine Saviour, Peter Donders might say: "*Misereor super turbam*—I have compassion on the multitude." On his visits to the poor who lived scattered all over the town, he had often to endure a great deal of ill treatment. As the hovels in which the poor and the slaves were sheltered lay behind the front building, which was generally occupied by non-Catholics, he frequently came into contact with the latter, who at first mocked and derided him. Many a time, too, they openly insulted him and drove him out of their houses and courtyards. Nothing, however, was able to quench his ardent charity; he always returned. He always maintained his usual calm; his serenity and patience remained undisturbed.

We cull the following from the Process of Beatification: "A Free Mason told one of the witnesses that he once happened to be with some friends in the company of a braggart, who boasted a great deal of the heroic feats he had done in his lifetime. Nobody gave any credit to his words; they listened to him out of mere politeness. But when he began to relate that on one occasion he had quarreled with Rev. Father Donders, the whole party burst out into loud laughter. That tale was too absurd." So deeply were all convinced, non-Catholics as well as Catholics, of the invincible meekness of the holy priest.

His wonderful meekness and goodness won him the hearts of everyone. The children loved him and liked to be near him. The Presbytery resounded all day long with their cries: "Father Donders! Father Donders!" In fact they imposed upon his goodness, so much so that the Prefect threatened them with sending Father Donders away to Batavia. And when later, after being transferred, he returned to town from time to time, his former little friends pressed about him in the streets or in his own house.

His extreme goodness of heart was the reason, too, that a great many people preferred to make their confession to him. So numerous were his penitents, that when all the other priests had finished, he was still occupied in the confessional. But we must not think that he was too indulgent. No; as they themselves declare, he was too strict rather than not strict enough. He inquired minutely into the state of their souls, and the penances he used to give were far from light. What has been said of St. Alphonsus, namely, that he knew how to bring the most reluctant sinners to repentance, has been testified also with regard to the Venerable Servant of God. Whenever, outside the confessional, he heard anything wrong about one of his penitents, he went at once to remind him of his duty. A rich harvest must have been the result of all his toil, but of the fruits that he reaped he seldom or never speaks a word. What he relates with a joyful heart is, that one Holy Saturday he baptized not less than thirty adults, that more than one hundred aged pagans followed his instructions, and that in one year six lepers belonging to the first families of the capitol received their first Holy Communion.

The servant at the Presbytery has noted down in his diary how Father Donders spent his days during the fourteen years which he labored among the people of the capital. When early in the morning the sacristan opened the church door, he would find the Servant of God kneeling in prayer at the Communion railing. After a fervent preparation he said Holy Mass, and spent three-quarters of an hour in thanksgiving. He then repaired to the Presbytery, ate a slice of dry bread, and taught the children in school and visited his people until two o'clock in the afternoon. At dinner he took so little that it was hardly sufficient to support a child. All the afternoon and evening were devoted to prayer and works of charity. He never visited the houses of the laity for the sake of recreation; he was rarely found in the company of the other missionaries; he spent all his leisure hours in the church, to which he repaired sometimes even during the night, to converse with his beloved Lord.

Does not the Venerable Servant of God deserve to be numbered among the laborers in the Gospel who entered the vineyard of the Master at daybreak, and who bore the heat and the burden of the day?

Before concluding this chapter we shall mention an event which brings out in bold relief the charity and zeal of this saintly priest. In

the year 1851 terrifying news filled the whole town with consternation: the yellow fever had broken out in a most virulent manner. The captain and the entire crew of an Austrian man-of-war lying at anchor in the harbor, were attacked by the disease. A number of soldiers and other Europeans took sick; there were patients in every part of the town. The charity and zeal of Father Donders knew no bounds, we might say, no prudence. The Europeans being the most susceptible victims of the plague, the physicians warned them against any kind of fatigue; yet the Servant of God did not spare himself for a moment. When the Prefect-Apostolic or other friends exhorted him to be more cautious, his only reply was: "I am in God's hands; it is my duty to assist my people." Two or three times a day he visited the hospital. From there he went to the barracks, and then walked about the town to console the sick in their miserable hovels. God alone was able to restrain his ardor; and this He did.

Suddenly his charitable walks came to an end. The fever attacked him rather violently and threw him on a sick-bed. Now was made manifest how the faithful cherished their beloved pastor. Fervent prayers went up to heaven for his recovery. There was a continual stream of devout men and women into the church to implore God to spare the good priest, to restore him to health.

And what did he do himself? However painful he felt it not to be able to work for the salvation of souls, he now did what on similar occasions he had taught others to do. "Submit in everything to the divine Will and to the dispositions of the good God, Who knows how to turn everything to our advantage." Absorbed in continual and fervent prayer, he offered to God his life for the removal of the terrible scourge. Heaven, pleased with his good will, listened to the ardent supplications of the faithful. In four weeks he was able to leave his sick-bed. And behold! scarcely had he recovered his strength, when he once more hastened to his patients, resuming his heroic works of mercy, and displaying the same spirit of sacrifice and charity.

Right Rev. Bishop Schaap, who preached the eulogy at his funeral many years later, referring to this period of the Venerable Servant of God's life, could well say to his hearers: "The oldest among you will agree with me that Father Donders was esteemed as a saint by both Catholics and non-Catholics on account of his ardent zeal." The indefatigable spirit of labor and the spirit of charity which animated our

missionary, caused the Very Rev. Msgr. Schepers, the successor of Right Rev. Bishop Grooff, to say: "Two priests like Rev. Father Donders would be all I need."

LAY APOSTLES

In a sermon reported by a writer in "The Ransomer," the Pastor of a London Church spoke recently on the spiritual place of the laity in the Church of God.

"You, the people," he said in effect, "have a most vital and important place in the mind and economy of God; in a sense, it is not we priests who preach the Gospel to those outside, so much as you. You may not all be doing it by word of mouth, but by example and suggestion, by friendships and influence, by inviting people to Mass and Benediction. It is the laity of the Church on whom the modern situation turns. Make no mistake about that.

"It is indeed the solemn duty of priests to seek out, if possible, for all who want the Faith or who are drawn toward the Church. But as things are, the laity can do it better. The ordinary man and woman are doing it, thank God, despite the fact that many are shirking their duties to their fellow-men and concentrating selfishly on their own souls and rigidly confining themselves to obligation."

These are words worth pondering, especially at this time. There can be no doubt that the world-wide depression has brought many people to think of religion and God who had little time for such thoughts in days of prosperity. Many of these people know little about things Catholic, or know of them only from sources that have been poisoned by bias or ignorance. Every Catholic man and woman can do much, "by example and suggestion, by friendships and influence, by inviting people to Mass and Catholic services," to bring them to the satisfying consolations and benefits of the Catholic fold.

NOVENA—ST. ANTHONY'S CHURCH—OKMULGEE, OKLAHOMA

Total attendance—2,700. Holy Communions distributed—1,500. Confessions heard—450. Reverend E. L. Buhler, C.Ss.R., conducted and preached the Novena.

Houses

THE HOUSE OF CONTRADICTION

D. F. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

The lives of men and women are often influenced very profoundly by the life of a child. This is the story of such a child—and of the men and women into whose lives it brought some manner of transformation. Hatred, love, ambition, jealousy, fear—all these things had beset the mingling lives of a number of human beings; only through the unconscious ministrations of a tiny child were they untangled and dissipated, until at last the only thing left was love.

I.

Lisle Homer sat alone in the room of his apartments that he called his study. Before him on the desk lay a mass of papers, notes, magazines and clippings—with a pile of books bulging the mass here and there. He lay back comfortably in his swivel-chair, his chin on his chest and his pipe on his chin, reading. Great clouds of blue smoke swirled about his head and then thinned out and drifted off lazily in strange patterns, about the upper atmosphere of the room. The shades were drawn; the house was still; it was a night made for reading and study.

Lisle was a man somewhat over thirty-five years of age. He looked younger than that; he was tall and thin, possessed regular, delicate features—almost ascetic in their trim, scholarly severity—had dark brown hair, with just the suggestion of a wave where it rose from his forehead. His eyes were the most striking thing about him; they were dark and small, but held a penetrating brightness that seemed to draw down his brows into a constant focus upon the depths of things. His mouth was small and refined, almost totally inexpressive of humor. Lisle was a scholar and he looked it.

He was not only a scholar; he was a Professor of Sociology at Steele University, whither he tramped each day to lecture to enormous classes of American youth. He had a reputation amongst them—but he did not know it was because he seldom asked questions or held “quizzes” in class. He was so full of his subject most of the time that he could only say about one-tenth of what he wanted to say within the compass of the full hour. So at the beginning of each semester, new students would say to old:

"I've gotta take two hours of Soci this half. Who's easy?"

Invariably the answer would be: "You want Homy, brother. He won't know he's got you."

Tonight he was trying to assimilate a new statistical report on the effects of prohibition in America and Finland. It had recently been published, and ordinarily would have held more interest for him than an Edgar Wallace novel for an undergrad. But tonight he could not seem to get his scholarly mind to function on the matter before him.

Things had not been going so well with him lately. He knew what the trouble was—he missed his wife. She had died six weeks before. She had become an almost necessary helpmate to him. Throughout his early life he had been indifferent to women—almost antagonistic. He was past thirty when he married Myra—married her because by association with her in Sociological research work, he had found her completely congenial to his own tastes and helpful without being interfering or importunate. Their married life had been strange but smooth. The conventional amenities scarcely received external expansion, though there was complete internal harmony and accord.

Since her death, however, Lisle had learned how integrally she had fitted into the pattern of his life. His study now was always in disorder. She had known how to arrange things there without disturbing important papers and notes. His daily routine—so necessary to scholarly life—had been horribly distorted; he had been so accustomed to depend on Myra for many of the lesser things which landmarked that routine that now, when thrown on his own initiative, there was scarcely any routine at all. Sometimes, for example, he would forget all about lunch and then, just before class at four o'clock, would gulp down a cheese sandwich with several cups of coffee. Again he would go without dinner, because he happened to find some pertinent material on the dusty unused shelves of the University library. Before Myra's death he would have smiled at the suggestion that she was necessary to him, even while admitting that he loved her. But now —

Nor yet was all this the cause of his distracted attention tonight. What made him gaze unseeing at the long columns of involved figures in the statistical report before him, was something else—a far more involved problem left him by Myra's death. It was —

"Daddy! Daddy!"

The thin, querulous baby voice came from behind the door that pre-

sented its blank wooden face to Lisle across the room. For a moment he sat perfectly still. Perhaps the child was crying out in its sleep. Children very probably did such things. But repetition, in a more insistent and wide-awake tone, blasted his theory.

"Daddy! Daddy!"

"Oh, oh!" said Lisle, to himself. "What now?" He put down his book, arose and went over to the closed door of the child's bedroom. He opened the door and stuck his head through to ask, "What's the matter, son?"

"Drink a wawa, Daddy," pleaded the child.

Lisle walked gravely into the kitchen and procured the desired glass of water. He brought it to the child, and its tiny chubby fingers grasped it precariously. Before he knew it, there was water streaming down over the child's chin, its night gown, on to the bedclothes.

"Wait a minute," said Lisle, as he grabbed for the glass. "Now," he said, "take it easy."

A few sips were all the child wanted. He pushed the glass away. Lisle took out his handkerchief and made a few dabs at the night gown and bedclothes as if to soak up the water. Then he wiped off the baby's mouth and chin, pulled the covers up and around its neck and straightened up by the side of the little bed. The large round eyes of the child were fixed on him as he stood hesitantly. He had a strange feeling that the boy wanted him to say something, but he didn't know what to say. He always felt clumsy and out of place when alone with his child; he had seldom been alone with him before the death of his wife. He wanted to express some kind of sentiment, some measure of companionship, but he couldn't. The thing was in his heart but he was helpless to bring it to his lips.

The child finally took the matter in its own hands.

"Daddy," it said.

"Yes, Jack?"

"Teddy doll, Daddy." A tiny hand was outside the coverlet, pointing to a teddy bear in the corner of the room. The father brought it to the bed, and the boy took it to his heart beneath the covers.

"There," said Lisle, gravely. "Now go to sleep, Jack, won't you?"

There was no answer, so he supposed his son was satisfied at last. He returned to his study with another vague feeling that a Teddy Bear was doing a better job of being a companion to his son than himself.

This was his problem—the child, his boy. Not yet three and needing a great deal of the kind of attention he expounded upon in his lectures on the Sociological burden of the family and home. For the first time he learned what a gap lay between theory and practice. It almost shook his faith in many of the dogmas he laid down in class about child-training and its implications.

The problem had not been his for long. He had no relatives in the city and few intimate social friends; his friends were mostly scholars like himself. But one friend, an instructor on the English staff, had come to his help when Myra died and offered to take the child home to be cared for with his own three for the time being. Lisle had gladly consented. But the weeks slipped by and Lisle forgot that this arrangement could hardly be permanent. It was typical of him. But then one day the English instructor received an offer from an eastern university and had to move, family and all. He brought Lisle's son back to him.

"My advice to you, old man," he had said when leaving, "is to get married again. You need somebody—the child needs somebody to take care of you both." Lisle had only looked blank at the suggestion.

Now he had had the child in his apartment for three days and did not yet know how he was going to arrange for its care. He had made the only temporary provision he could think of; he had called up a hospital and had hired a nurse to come and be with the child from early morning until late at night. During that time he stayed away from his rooms as much as possible.

The expense of this arrangement was enormous. Tonight he had to think about his problem. He refused to think of placing Jack in an Orphans' Home—though he knew that he might have to come to that. Remarriage was out of the question; there wasn't a woman in the world who could take Myra's place. As for keeping the child himself—there was an undercurrent of sentiment running through his whole being that made him want to keep Jack. He wouldn't have known how to express it, but he loved the boy. But he was just practical enough to know that he knew absolutely nothing of how to take care of him. What he wanted, if he could have formulated his need, was to have him and not have him. To have him to satisfy that undertone of sentiment he was conscious of; yet not to have him to feed and clothe and teach and play with and care for. He simply was helpless to do these latter things. Oh, why, he almost said aloud, did Myra have to die!

While lighting his pipe once more he came to another of his procrastinating decisions. Tomorrow he would speak to the nurse about the matter—ask her for suggestions. Perhaps she would know what he should do. Something must be done about it and done soon. He would settle it all tomorrow.

With that decided with finality, he picked up his book once more and concentrated upon the statistical report of the effects of Prohibition in America and Finland.

II.

"I'll bid two spades."

A bridge game was in progress in the drawing room of the Martin home. Pauline Pierce had opened the bidding. Her left hand neighbor, John Martin, passed.

Pauline's partner, Helen Martin, looked across the table at her—then down at her cards.

"I wonder," she said, as if to no one in particular, "if she's using the approach-force system or the regulation . . . let me see . . . Yes, I'll do it—four spades," she said triumphantly. Mrs. Martin passed. Pauline passed. John passed. Play began and Helen laid down her hand. She had four spades up to the queen.

Pauline methodically began taking in the tricks, and Helen, although "dummy," chattered away.

"That's right—take 'em all," she said to her partner, and it began to look as though she would. "That will finish the rubber."

"What can we do when you get all the cards," said John Martin. "I think you have 'em stacked."

"Cards nothing," said Helen banteringly. "That's skill, isn't it, Pauline?"

"It must be," said the older woman, "when we win three rubbers in an evening."

"That's enough cards for tonight, isn't it?" asked Helen as she leaned back in her chair. "I'm tired winning and we don't do anything else."

Her mother arose while Pauline stacked up the cards.

"I'll go out and prepare a little refreshment," she said.

"Make it hot chocolate," said Helen. Her father moved over to an easy chair and settled comfortably with the paper.

"Are you doing any nursing these days?" asked Pauline, as she toyed with the deck of cards in her hands.

"Oh, yes, didn't I tell you? I have the nicest case!"

The two women—one young, enthusiastic, good-looking and vitally interested in life; the other middle-aged, still well-preserved and fair—were very close friends. Ever since the events of some three years before they had been such. At that time Pauline's husband had died under very distressing circumstances, and her only son had left her to begin his studies for the priesthood. It was at that time, too, that Pauline, partly through Helen's example and inspiration, partly through her son's prayers and pleadings, and mostly through the kind but stern words of Father Sheldon, the parish priest, had returned to the faith of her childhood. Since that time she had undergone a marked transformation. Where before she had been a typical woman of the world, roaming hither and thither on all sorts of social outlays of expenditure and energy, practically living for these things—she was now retiring and reserved, interested in a far different kind of life. She by no means absented herself from the social scene entirely, but she did not have to have such things to preserve her contentment and peace.

The events leading up to the death of Pauline's husband had been distressing for the Martins as well. In the same automobile accident in which Albert Pierce was injured fatally, John Martin had likewise been badly hurt; he would always walk with a limp as a result. Helen had been very friendly with Russell just before the accident—and became more so during the time of stress and strain. It was she who, recognizing his vocation to the priesthood, had encouraged him to follow his ideal. Following his departure she had enrolled herself in a nursing school, and though she found the training period rather confining and trying at times, had laughed her way through and finally received her degree.

"What is it?" asked Pauline, interested in Helen's case. "The case of a young and handsome heir, afflicted with fallen arches or a bad case of dandruff?"

"Not at all," answered Helen, pretending for a moment to be offended. "I am taking care of a baby in a private apartment—and he's the cutest thing you ever saw."

"What's the matter with the parents?" asked Pauline. "And why a nurse just to take care of the baby?"

"It's rather sad, said Helen. "The child's mother just died a few weeks ago, and the father is a professor at a university. He teaches

Sociology or something, and he just doesn't know what to do about the child. He is the dumbest thing I ever saw. Stands around like a stick and never says two words at one time to his son. He doesn't seem to know what to say. I don't know how long I'm going to last on the job; I suppose he'll put the baby in a Home eventually. Nobody can afford a nurse for very long just to take care of a baby, and they say these university professors don't have too much money. They spend too much of it on books."

"How old is the baby?" asked Pauline.

"About three, I'd imagine."

"Does the father seem anxious to be rid of him?"

"I don't think so. Personally, I think he's crazy about him, but he doesn't know how to express himself. But I think he knows he'll have to have somebody bring up the child. Heaven knows what he does when he's alone with him. He never shows up during the day. I have to do everything—even get my own meals. In the evening I put the child to bed, usually before the father returns home. When he comes in he sits down right away and starts to read or study, and I leave."

"Pauline was interested. "I wonder if he hasn't any relatives who would want to take care of the child for him?"

"It doesn't seem so. Nobody ever shows up when I'm around."

"Maybe he'd be willing to have the baby adopted."

Helen pushed her chair back from the card table and clapped her hands together.

"There's an idea!" she said. "Why don't you adopt him, Pauline? It would be the most wonderful thing in the world—for you and for the baby!"

"Don't go too fast," said Pauline thoughtfully, "though I'll admit I've been thinking about adopting a boy or a girl. The big house is lonesome at times, and I think a lot about my own children that died. But what about the father—he hasn't thought about this adoption business yet."

"Oh, I can suggest it to him—and I will tomorrow. I'm sure that once you've seen Jack you'll just have to have him, that's all. Come over tomorrow while I'm there and I'll display him for you!"

"What's this?" asked John Martin, putting his newspaper aside. "You had better go slow about this adoption stuff. Mistakes have been made. Think it over first."

"Ah, but Daddy," answered Helen, "this won't be any mistake. If you'd see the baby you'd want to adopt him yourself. I think we ought to. It would be great to have him around here. Come to think about it, Pauline, maybe we'll adopt him ourselves."

"All right," answered Pauline. "I'll go to the Orphanage or the Foundlings' Home and pick out one of my own."

"I'm only kidding," answered Helen; "if you adopt him, I'll be around half the time to watch you bring him up, though."

"You're welcome. I'll need your help. But let's not count any babies before they are adopted. Here's your mother with the chocolate."

Mrs. Martin set down a tray with four steaming cups of chocolate and a plate of wafers on the card table. John Martin came over and they gathered around.

"What do you think, Mother," cried Helen, "Pauline is going to adopt a baby boy."

"Why, that's wonderful," answered Mrs. Martin. "Russell will be glad."

"Oh, it isn't at all decided as yet," said Pauline, "although Helen has picked the baby. The trouble is the baby's father doesn't know anything about it. Nothing may come of it."

"Ah, but he'll know tomorrow," answered Helen, as she took a contented sip of chocolate and attacked the wafers.

(To be continued)

FASTING

Even in our penitential exercises, when we could least have hoped to find a pattern in Him, Christ has gone before us to sanctify them to us. He has blessed fasting as a means of Grace, in that He has fasted; and fasting is only acceptable when it is done for His sake.

Penitence is mere formality, or mere remorse, unless done in love. If we fast, without uniting ourselves in heart to Christ, imitating Him, and praying that He would make our fasting His Own, would associate it with His own, and communicate to it the virtue of His own, so that we may be in Him, and He in us; we fast as Jews, not as Christians.—*Newman.*



Archconfraternity OUR MOTHER OF PERPETUAL HELP

Our Mother of Perpetual Help

"IN POVERTY AND DISTRESS"

T. Z. AUSTIN, C.Ss.R.

"Poverty and distress" are two words that appeal to us all. Perhaps we have seen them stalking in the neighborhood—settling in some home. We may have seen evidences of decay around the house, the curtainless windows, the simple furniture growing threadbare from day to day, the food perhaps scarce, the children coming to school with clothes patched and mended and insufficient to protect them against the weather. It touches one's heart.

And perhaps poverty peers into our own home and we feel the pinch of it—we who have not had to want for long years. And, as Dad and the boys or girls lose their jobs, one by one, the gaunt spectre of Distress ever looms before us.

In poverty and distress—oh, it is easy to pray, unless our Faith has proved unreal and we have grown bitter. And do we not know where to turn?

Ah, there was a home where poverty reigned. It was a stable by the roadside of Bethlehem; its walls bleak and grimy and dripping with moisture, its floor covered with straw, its furniture a manger out of which the cattle fed, a manger that was filled with straw; and over it bent the form of a woman—poor was her dress and it seemed so thin for a winter's night—and the form of a man. Bent over the manger—oh, yes, not only because the manger was low and one had to stoop to look in, but also because it drew one down, with pity first and worry next, and finally love and forgetfulness of all else. For in the manger, snuggled in the straw, lay a bit of a child—but such a Child!

No wonder that, in the midst of that poverty and direst need, the woman's face was alight with ecstasy: her Child was God Himself. No

wonder the man's face, furrowed with worry, was yet lit with a heavenly light. He must provide, whence? How? He almost saw his way—when an angel came and Distress, veiled, gaunt but shining beneath, walked in his robe. "Thou must take the Child and His Mother and fly into Egypt—this night."

And Mary, apprised of the message, silently lifts the Child and starts on her way. "Behold the handmaid of the Lord," in the glory of the divine motherhood and in the poverty and distress as well.

No wonder we turn to her and pray: In poverty and distress, come to my help, O loving Mother!

Mother, bless our poverty and make us see beneath the sombreappings of distress the bright gems that Faith alone may see and win. Enable us to say: Behold the handmaid and servant of the Lord, even through this.

Mother, bless us and enable us to struggle on, unafraid, cheerful, diligent, as doing our heavenly Father's Will.

Mother, look upon our poverty and need, and in our distress leave us not alone. Bring into it your divine Son Jesus, and as He made you forget all else in the noisome cave, and changed worry into love, so may He change our worry into love that reckons not burdens and hardships but only the service of Him who loves us beyond measure.

In poverty and distress, come to my help, O loving Mother!

IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Dear Father: A friend of mine fell into bad company. He became so involved that he was arrested and charged with a very serious crime. If he were convicted, he would have stayed in prison for life. When I heard of his difficulty, I began the Nine Tuesdays, asking Our Mother of Perpetual Help to prove his innocence. When the trial came, he was acquitted and set free. All who knew of the case were surprised; but I knew that Our Mother had again granted another great favor. In thanksgiving, I have promised to attend the Tuesdays and the Eucharistic Hour on Sunday nights for the rest of my life. (St. Louis, Missouri.)

* * *

Dear Father: I took sick two years ago, and went to several hospitals. All the doctors agreed that an operation was necessary. I heard

of the Nine Tuesdays, and started a Novena to Our Mother of Perpetual Help. My prayers were heard. It was discovered that an operation was not necessary. I thank the Sacred Heart and Our Mother of Perpetual Help. Enclosed find an offering for three Masses. (New Orleans.)

* * *

Dear Father: My step-son had been out of work for a long time. I made several Novenas, asking Our Blessed Mother to assist him in obtaining a position. Thanks to Our Mother of Perpetual Help, he obtained a position which pays him a very good salary. I thank the congregation for their prayers. (New Orleans.)

* * *

Dear Father: For many years my husband was careless in the practice of his religion. He was so enthusiastic about games and sports that he missed Mass on Sundays to attend these amusements. Of course, he neglected the Sacraments. In the Novena of Tuesdays I earnestly begged Our Mother of Perpetual Help to change his heart. Every year for the past ten years, he was invited to make a Retreat for men at the "White House." But he always found excuses for not attending. This year, however, he went to the "White House" and made a good retreat. Since then he has shown an interest and persevered in attending to his religious duties. We thank Our Mother of Perpetual Help for this change of heart. We also thank the Fathers and the Congregation for their prayers. (St. Louis.)

* * *

Dear Father: For the past 8 months the property I had for rent was vacant. Although I reduced the rent and advertised it, no prospective tenant even looked at the property. Two weeks ago, while attending the 7 o'clock High Mass at the Devotions of the Fifteen Saturdays, I thought of placing a picture of Our Mother of Perpetual Help in the house. The following morning I placed the picture in the house. That very day the only family that came to inspect the house, rented it. I am deeply grateful to Our Mother of Perpetual Help. (St. Louis.)

**NOVENA—ST. ALPHONSUS' PARISH—NEW ORLEANS,
LOUISIANA**

Total attendance—78,347. Holy communions distributed—14,234.
Sermons preached by the Reverend Fathers of the community.

Catholic Anecdotes

TRUST IN DIVINE PROVIDENCE

The following account is taken, word for word, from the chronicles of the Little Sisters of the Poor.

"In a newly founded house in the United States, the supply of sugar had run out.

"'Bring back some,' said the good Mother to the Sisters as they started on their rounds. With the utmost confidence they applied to a number of persons, but meeting with nothing but refusals, they took the road homeward with rather sad hearts.

"As they were passing a shop, the owner of which had never given them anything, some sudden impulse urged them to try once more. Lo! as soon as the shopkeeper saw them, he greeted them cheerily, saying:

"'Well, Sisters, what can I do for you today?'

"The Sisters made known the want of a little sugar.

"'Well,' was the reply, 'I will give you fifty pounds of it.'

"Amazed at this proof of God's Providence, the Sisters assured their benefactor of their prayers.

"'I am not a Catholic,' he responded, 'but my wife has been converted; go and see her, and come to me every month in the shop'."

CHRISTIAN COURAGE

During the revolutionary period that the Bolsheviks brought upon Hungary after the war, the notorious Oscar Faber, one of the leaders of the Bolsheviks, was making an inspection of a school for girls and asking questions of the pupils on matters of history. At one of his questions a girl of sixteen arose and gave an answer full of ardent patriotism and faith.

"Do you know," said Faber, "that for an answer like that I can have you put to death?"

"I do not fear," answered the girl.

"Ah, you do not fear, because you think I do not mean what I say.

But if I were really to have you condemned to death, as I can, what would you do?"

"What would I do?" replied the girl. "Why, I should at once say a prayer for you."

A SHOCKING EXAMPLE

What some modern practices, inspired by pagan ideas, may easily lead to, is illustrated in the following account taken from a recent issue of the London Universe:

"A terrible tragedy recently enacted in Germany has been reported in the newspapers, before the public has had time to forget the shocking proposal by an English doctor that the killing of sufferers from apparently incurable diseases should be approved by law. The final victim of this tragedy was a doctor who had hastened the deaths of a number of patients in order to end their agonies, and who committed suicide after discovering that his wife, whose life he had taken in the unfounded belief that she was dying of cancer, could easily have been cured."

A letter written by him before he died warned his fellow doctors against a practice which defied the working of Divine Providence.

"We trust," concludes the editor, "that the warning will not be ignored, while regretting the awful circumstances that caused it to be uttered after the poor man responsible for it had succumbed to despair."

Did not some of our own States only recently try to introduce laws legalizing this Euthanasia—a high sounding name for mere murder?

TEMPERANCE

One of Father Matthew's social conquests, Katherine Tynan tells us in the life of the great crusader against intemperance, was the Duke of Wellington.

"I ought to claim your Grace as one of ours," said the Father ingratiatingly.

"How is that, Mr. Matthew, since I am not a teetotaler?" inquired the Duke.

"Well, your Grace must be a Temperance man, or you would never have kept your head cool enough to win the battle of Waterloo."

Pointed Paragraphs

FORTY DAYS

The prophet Jonas went down to Ninive, a city of great wealth and prosperity that had forgotten God. "Yet forty days," he preached, "and Ninive shall be destroyed." On hearing this word, the people of Ninive returned to their belief in God; they proclaimed a fast binding on all from the greatest to the least; the King sent forth an edict that every citizen should cry to the Lord with all his strength and turn from his evil ways. "For," they said, "who knows but the Lord will turn away from his fierce anger, and we shall not perish?" And God saw that they had given up their iniquities, and He had mercy with regard to the evil which He had said that He would do, and He did it not.

Perhaps a modern version of the story of Jonas needs to be written for our own time. The very distress and trial to which evil ways—the evil ways of war and injustice and avarice and irreligion—have brought the world, are preaching almost as dreadfully as Jonas: Yet forty days and this civilization shall be destroyed! Again there is need that men, from the greatest down to the least, turn from their evil ways; that they proclaim a fast; that they cry to the Lord with all their strength.

The season of Lent that opens this month seems made for the modern need. It is a time for prayer and fasting, for self-examination and correction, for turning to God and His everlasting right to rule. Nations need these things; society needs them; individuals need them. Only when man, in every earthly relationship and duty, turns to God for light and guidance and help, will God turn to man and forgive so that he shall not perish.

In forty days of prayer and penance the Ninivites appeased the anger of God. In the forty days of Lent this year, it may be given to Christians to do the same.

THOUGHTS ON FASTING

Fasting is a sign of strength; he who fasts gives evidence that he is gaining the greatest victory in the world—the victory over self.

Fasting is exercise—for the body, that it may know temperance; for the will, that it may rule with fortitude; for the mind, that it may learn to be concerned with spiritual things.

Fasting is an act of faith. In a world that exalts the body and often denies the soul, that is concerned with what is of the present and regardless of the future, that sees only material values and is blind to those that are spiritual—in such a world he who fasts proclaims himself a believer in the beauty of virtue, the immortality of the soul, and the subordination of the bodily appetites to the will of God.

Fasting is necessary for Man, who is a fallen creature. There is a dual law in his members—the law of the body and the law of the spirit. The law of the body is strong; the tendency is downward. Fasting counteracts that tendency and strengthens the law of the spirit.

Fasting is character-building. One who has character is one who has control over all his faculties. Fasting helps to endow a man with such control.

Fasting is penance for personal sin. Every slightest sin must be atoned, either before death or after. Fasting is far easier than suffering in Purgatory.

Fasting is love, the love of Him who voluntarily bore the shame and torment of the cross for the love of Man. He who fasts pays the God-Man back in kind, in a love that is tried and proved in sacrifice.

Lent is the time for fasting. Our own souls need it and the Church commands it. So by fulfilling the law and supplying our need, we shall grow in form and stature as children of God.

WHERE THE SCHOOL FAILS

The Catholic Church has always stood firmly behind the proposition that the proper education of the child depends essentially upon the cooperation of three great factors—the family, the Church, and the school. If one of these neglects its task, it throws an oversized burden upon the others; if two of them take no part in the work of education, the third is left to struggle with a task that alone it is not competent to fulfill.

That forgetfulness of this truth is at the bottom of much of the so-called failure of modern youth is beginning to be recognized by educators of note. Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, in his annual report, points out among other things the

prevalent lack of cooperation in the educational forces that are necessary to train the child:

"The virtually complete abdication of the family as a primary and controlling factor in education," he says, "together with the substantial collapse of the educational influence of Protestant Churches, has combined to put upon the school a burden which it cannot bear and should not be asked to bear. The cynical observer who is responsible for the statement that the school has become probably the least injurious thing to which youth is exposed, no doubt presented an extreme point of view, but it is one which increasingly finds expression.

"The truth is that the school draws upon itself criticism, not so much by reason of what it fails to offer or accomplish in its own proper sphere, but by reason of its inability and incapacity to do the work of the school, the family and the Church combined. If the family cannot and will not meet that responsibility which belongs to it, and if the Church continues to fail in its educational duty, nothing will be more certain than the gradual disappearance from society of those traits and influences in education which it is the business of the family and the Church to foster and strengthen."

A CATHOLIC HOME

Under the title: "Boys—Six of Them," a Catholic mother has written her philosophy of education in the January Extension Magazine. There is nothing involved or intricate about it; it is simple, direct, and above all effective, as the results of its application show.

After speaking of the necessity of a Catholic atmosphere in the home, she continues:

"I have had, and still have, six problems on my heart and hands; all six are very positive in their opinions, all six obstinately determined to have their own way. Why object to this characteristic, since it is common with all mankind, starting with the cradle and ending with the grave?

"But there was something we could do about it. The Catholic atmosphere was ours, so all have had a Catholic education at home and in school. Save in matters of Faith and morals, we placed as little restraint on our children as possible. We gave no unnecessary orders, made no unnecessary restrictions, but for those we gave we expected

obedience and conformity. Growing up, they lived in a child world into which, fortunately, no adult problem ever entered, and in which fair play was a dominant factor.

"Religion was part of their lives, of course. It was impressed on them that they were members of a great Spiritual Body, entitled to their Duty and Affection. They were children of God and Holy Church, and then our children. We did not ask too many or too long prayers. They owed God a debt of love which they must pay by observing His laws. Mass on Sundays and holy days, morning and evening prayers, confession and Communion at stated intervals. These were inflexibly imposed. Other acts of devotion could be made as often as the spirit prompted, but we never insisted on them.

"So at the end of a score of years we can say, truthfully, that our six children are practical Catholic young men."

ABOUT HAPPINESS

A writer in *Columbia* points out a very striking but seldom considered truth on the subject of happiness. His advice is simple, though seemingly paradoxical. He simply tells us "to forget it." His reasons are sane and solid:

"About happiness. It comes down to this: You and I want to be happy. And what can we do about it? The answer is—forget it. That may not seem reasonable. But when we want to be happy we are thinking about ourselves, and to be happy we must forget ourselves.

"There are, of course, many aids to happiness. A tranquil conscience, a good digestion, children and friends and books. But one may have all these things and be unhappy. He may be worrying lest these things be taken from him; he may not realize he has them. The modern psychologists say to such a man, 'Develop a hobby. Turn your attention outward. Be an extrovert.' Before psychologists were, Christ said, 'He that loseth his life shall find it.' Which is the same truth more deeply realized."

NOVENA—ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH—LEBANON, INDIANA

For the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. Total attendance—1500. Holy Communions distributed—900. Confessions heard—250. Sermons preached by Reverend A. P. PREGENZER, C.Ss.R.

Catholic Events

The National Revolutionary Party of Mexico continues its anti-Catholic campaign by urging that the Government force the resignation of all public officials professing the Catholic religion. It is reported that Saturnino Osornio, Governor of the State of Queretaro, has asked for information regarding the number of teachers and public officials who took part in the celebration of the Guadelupian 4th Centenary that they may be asked to resign. Dr. Carlos Alcocer, deputy from San Juan de Rio, state of Queretaro, has already been banned by a unanimous vote from the state legislature because he took part in the pilgrimage from Queretaro to Guadalupe. Faced with the charge of participating in a public act of worship, Dr. Alcocer declared that he had been present at the celebration, and that he would sacrifice his principles and convictions for neither his friends, his political party nor his government.

This new outbreak followed upon the promulgation of the law limiting the number of priests in the Federal District to twenty-five, which would in effect require one priest to minister to the needs of 50,000 souls.

The situation, as a result of these new anti-Catholic outbreaks, has become acute, and has resulted in difficulties that will probably continue to multiply. In the midst of the unrest and resentment of public opinion, the most Reverend Pascual Diaz, Archbishop of Mexico City and Primate of Mexico, has issued a Pastoral letter instructing both clergy and laity to resist by legal means, and above all not to resort to violence. After outlining the method of recourse, his letter concludes with a stirring appeal to the faithful that they resist the persecution by the Christian example of their lives:

"Live, my children, so that, although deserted on all sides, faith in Christ may glorify you before God and may obtain for you the freedom which you justly and ardently desire, that of practicing your religion just as it was given to you by its Divine Founder and guaranteed to you by the fundamental Law of the Nation."

* * *

A Catholic Evidence Guild has been established in Washington, D. C. The purpose of the group is to familiarize its members with Catholic doctrine to enable them to accept any teaching assignment that may be given to them. Its work will be conducted along the same lines as that of the Catholic Evidence Guilds of Boston and New York.

* * *

On January 3rd, a series of fifteen radio talks on Christian Doctrine, sponsored by the Diocesan Union of the Holy Name Society, was begun over Station WLAP, Louisville, Kentucky. The talks are

given in the form of a dialogue, a priest and a layman participating, and concern such subjects as "The Existence of God" and "The End of Man."

* * *

A pilgrimage, as part of a movement to further the cause of the beatification of an American Redemptorist, the Venerable John Nepomucene Neumann, fourth Bishop of Philadelphia, is being organized in Chicago. In addition to the pilgrimage, which will take 200 Americans to the birthplace of Bishop Neumann in Bohemia, a League of Prayer has also been founded for intercession in behalf of the prelate's beatification. No American Bishop has as yet been beatified.

According to present plans, the pilgrims will leave Chicago on June 1, and will arrive in Philadelphia on June 2. There the pilgrims will attend services at the tomb of Bishop Neumann in St. Peter's Church. The party will leave New York on the SS. Columbus on June 3rd, and will arrive in Prague, Czechoslovakia, on June 10th.

In Prague the party will attend the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the Miraculous Lady of the Holy Mount, at which great pilgrimage center the Redemptorist Fathers will hold solemn coronation services from June 8th to the 13th.

Following the service in Prague, some of the pilgrims will journey to Dublin to attend the Eucharistic Congress.

* * *

Statistics have just been published by the Het Schild, a Dutch Catholic monthly publication, which show that the Catholic population of the world surpasses that of any other religious body. According to the figures presented, the total population of the world is 1,850,174,334. The total number of Catholics is 351,839,665, or nineteen per cent.

* * *

Figures released by the office of education of the United States department of the interior indicate that the Catholic parochial system saves the country's taxpayers something like \$290,000,000. The total enrollment for all schools last year was 29,365,608, and the total expenditure for educational purposes was \$3,200,000,000. Since the burden of educating one-eleventh of all the students in the United States last year was borne exclusively by Catholics, it might be said that approximately one-eleventh of this sum was saved to the taxpayers of the country at large.

* * *

Word comes from San Antonio regarding the activities of the Redemptorist Fathers among the Mexicans in and around San Antonio. Catechism classes are being held two and three times a week at more than a dozen stations for Mexican children. The numbers attending these classes range from thirty-five children to a hundred. Many of the children are attending the public schools, and are gathered by the Fathers after school hours or on Saturday mornings. Most of them, both in a spiritual and a temporal way, are the poorest of the poor.

That Catholics may be enabled to take part in the celebration of the bicentennial anniversary of the birth of Washington this year, a manual is being prepared for the purpose by the Department of Education of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. The work, undertaken in compliance with the wish of the Bishops of the United States, expressed at their annual meeting last November, is intended to supplement the voluminous material on the life of Washington already available, and to present especially the historical information related to Washington that is of special interest to Catholics.

A succinct study of the significance of the bicentennial and a series of diversified programs readily adaptable to the use of Catholic schools and organizations in the observance of the event will make the manual especially practical and useful.

* * *

Ciuseppe Motta, a Catholic, three times previously President of Switzerland, has again been elected chief executive of his country for the year 1932, despite a bitter opposition campaign on the part of the Socialists.

President Motta is not only one of the most distinguished figures in Swiss government circles, but is also one of the most respected and widely known statesmen in Europe. His political career began when in 1895 he was elected a state deputy in the canton of Ticino. Four years later he became a representative of Ticino in the national council, and in December, 1911, was made one of the seven members of the federal council of Switzerland. Since then he has been President of Switzerland in 1915, 1920, and 1927.

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Some Good Books

Small Catechism of the Mass. By Paul Bussard, Editor of the Leaflet Missal. Revised Edition. Published by the Liturgical Press. Collegeville, Minn. 24 pages. Price, 5c; \$3.50 per 100.

This is Series III, No. 4, of the Popular Liturgical Library. And it fittingly takes its place in this Series, which already contains some valuable booklets.

Father Bussard is daring, in a way, in that he reverts to catechetical form, when many are objecting to it. But his idea and method are perfectly sound. And I think the instructions on the Mass could hardly be better summarized and so to say crystallized for the pupil than it is in this question and answer form. In fact he tells us that it is meant to serve such a purpose for his larger work "If I be Lifted UP."

Masses for the Dead. Ordinary of the Mass, Propers of the Masses for the Dead, and Burial Rite in Latin and in English. Compiled by Rev. John P. Bolen. Published by the Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wis. Prayerbook size, 170 pages. Price, \$1.00.

Father Bolen adheres strictly to the Roman Missal and Ritual of the Church. The Publishers have given us a neat and handy book.

Practical Stage Work. Series of Books for the non-professional stage. No. 1. *Current Plays for Little Theatres. White List and Description.* Published by the Catholic Dramatic Movement, Rev. M. Helfen, Briggsville, Wis. 30 pages.

It is certainly a very practical and a very helpful booklet. It is always a matter of concern to those in charge of school and parish entertainments to find a suitable play. Father Helfen, here, gives them a list of plays that are good. At the same time he gives a sufficiently good idea of each of the plays listed.

Talks to Boys and Girls. By Rev. Winfrid Herbst, S.D.S. Published by Benziger Bros. 206 pages. Price, \$1.75.

Father Herbst, in the preface, tells us that these are sermons actually delivered to boys and girls. I am sure they must have kept his young listeners interested and must have filled them with a love

for virtue and piety. At the same time they gave instruction coupled with inspiration.

I think preachers to children and teachers will be able to gain a great deal from the use of this book. And the young people would even appreciate reading the book—almost as well as a story book.

Acts and Affections for Mental Prayer. By Dom B. Weld-Blundell, O.S.B. Published by Herder, St. Louis. 149 pages. Price, 90 cents.

These "acts and affections" we are informed by the subtitle are adapted from a well-known old spiritual book, written in 1656, "Sancta Sophia" or "Holy Wisdom."

Dom Weld-Blundell adds an introduction that tells us briefly the history of "Sancta Sophia" and at greater length, gives advice on the use of this book. This advice is very good and will be of great help not only to users of this book, but to all who are striving to improve their meditations and prayers.

The Living Voice. A Novel. By Agnes Blundell. Published by Benziger Bros., New York. 250 pages. Price, \$2.00.

It is always interesting, always thrilling to read about the bravery of our forefathers in the faith in the days of persecution. The courageous sufferings and sacrifices of the Catholics in England during the hard days of Elizabeth, Edward VI and Cromwell have more than once served as material for a good story.

"In 'The Living Voice' Agnes Blundell has woven a beautiful story around some actual facts. So well has she treated the characters, constructed the historical background, adapted her style and language, that, I think, she has succeeded in giving us a historical novel that ranks with the most popular.

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Lucid Intervals

The Nervous Guest (asked to sit next to his hostess and opposite the goose): Am I to sit so close to the goose?—(suddenly feeling this may be misunderstood)—er—I mean the roast one.

Mistress: Miss Elsie is coming out next week, cook.

Cook: Indeed, ma'am? So is my old man!

New Lodger: By the way, I have a few idiosyncrasies.

Landlady: That's all right, sir. I'll see that they are carefully dusted.

Aunt Hetty: Sales alive! I don't believe no woman could ever be so fat.

Uncle Hiram: What y' readin' now, Hetty?

Aunt Hetty: Why, this paper tells about an Englishwoman that lost two thousand pounds.

It was midnight in a hotel in a little Texas town when Jim Kupka came forth from the room and shouted for the proprietor.

"Hey!" he complained, "there are a couple of rats fighting in this room of mine."

The proprietor wasn't a bit excited.

"What room have you?" he drawled.

The guest reported the number.

"And you're paying a dollar and a half for it, ain't you?" came the drawl again.

"Yeah."

"Well what do you expect for a dollar and a half anyway, a bull fight?"

Diner: I know of nothing more exasperating than to find a hair in my soup.

Waiter: Well, it would be still worse, wouldn't it, to have the soup in your hair?

"Has anyone ever been lost in crossing here?" asked a timid woman, who had hired a boatman to ferry her across a river.

"No'm," was the reply. "Mah brotheh was drowned heah last week, but we found him nex' day."

"You look flustered, man."

"I am. My girl threw me over."

"Why worry. There's plenty more."

"Yeah, but this one threw me over that cliff."

Pastor, filling in the date on a baptismal certificate: "Let me see, this is the tenth, isn't it?"

"Father: "My, no, this is only the fourth one."

The boss eyed the stenographer with a cold eye.

"Young lady," said he, "that filing cabinet is supposed to be very exact. How is it you can't find what you are looking for?"

"I'm looking for my lunch."

For an hour or more the girl had been compelled to listen to the fatuous guest.

"I was in an automobile accident last week and was knocked senseless," he remarked.

"When do you expect to get better?" she asked quickly.

Moseley: Yo' car sho do shake a lot tonight.

Rastus: Man, it am only quiverin' now. Jes' wait'll we passes de graveyard.

"And now, officer, tell me what the strap under your chin is for?"

"That, lady, is to rest my poor jaw on when it gets tired of answering foolish questions."

Grocer: Do you want white or brown eggs, Madam?

Bride: White ones, please—and can you put a yellow polka dot in the middle?

First Farmer: "I never saw such a bad season for crops. Our corn ain't an inch high."

Second Farmer: "An inch! Why, the sparrows have to kneel down to get at mine."

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